

Spare Her

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Spare Her

by [Inkblot0Blue](#)

Summary

When Netherlands finds Belgium badly injured and abandoned outside on the battlefield, he can only hope and pray; especially since they never forgave each other all those years ago. But that does not matter now; her safety is his main concern. Set in WW1.

Notes

A really old oneshot. I suppose it could be taken as something of a sickfic.

Emily van der Maarten - Belgium
Lars van der Maarten - Netherlands

The ground shook and crumbled beneath her. Around her, men screamed for mercy and prayed to be spared. Gunshots were fired and bombs went off. Dirt and mud covered their faces and blood poured out of their wounds.

Just then, the Belgian woman saw men lining up before her. Their faces showed no emotion, they were clad in their army uniforms, guns stood by their side.

Emma van der Maarten felt herself break out in cold sweat. They were not of her kind. They were not Belgians or Englishmen; they were Germans.

Why?

She began to question the men before her. They had given themselves free reign to march across

her neutral territory of Belgium and kill her people. To them, she was merely an object; a distraction. They were not interested in her – they just wanted to cross her land and head over to France.

Emma heard the sounds of guns being loaded. She heard cries uttered in German that were quickly silenced as a man came forward. It was as though he was going to greet her, but it was not a greeting, it was an execution.

Her face crumpled up in disgust at the man standing before her. It was her former friend and acquaintance; Ludwig Beilschmidt.

I trusted you.

He paid her face no attention. He knew who she was and so did she. They were Germany and Belgium; enemies for now. To the men that stood behind them, it was just a man and a woman glaring at each other.

Ludwig raised his hand high; a signal. The men surrounded her, she was the prey and they were the predators. There was nothing she could do; they had captured and cornered her.

Please...

She heard Ludwig's voice over the screams of her soldiers.

"Eins,"

Her emerald green eyes studied him. His eyes were clouded; shrouded in mystery. The woman sniffed the air. There was a scent of flowers – she had never smelt this before. It was...interesting.

"Zwei,"

His gruff voice rose to pierce the night air. His eyes met hers. She stared into his dark pools of blue – like an endless abyss. Only time would tell.

"Drei!"

She felt herself fall. A sharp pain pierced her side, her blonde hair pooled around her. Tears threatened to fall. He piqued her curiosity there and then. She wanted to know more of this man. Light hit his pale face, he held up a gloved hand, and the soldiers dropped their guns.

She wanted to question, but silence engulfed her. If only she could understand things. She heard his boots hit the ground as he walked away – his dark cloak billowing in the calm air.

She awoke to the sound of shuffling and someone or something moving. Emma turned her head to the source of noise and opened her eyes. She smiled softly at the man. Her brother was here. Everything was going to be fine. He ran a hand through his blonde hair nervously and cleared his throat as if to say something but then decided against it.

His blue eyes glanced down at her; his face worried. She tried to lift her arm but stopped midway through. A sharp burst of pain shot through her body, she groaned. She tried to move her legs; and she felt like she was stuck to the floor. Once again, she looked up. Lars stood before her; he does not move or speak. His eyes followed her every move. She knew the meaning behind his actions; there is nothing he can do – he is afraid and worried for her.

He knew her pain. They had both seen and encountered centuries of war and conflict to understand the hurt they went through. Yet, this war was worse than ones before. This war was not just between two small nations; it was between many and they were all losing. Nothing was being gained apart from the blood and suffering of the smaller, younger, weaker nations.

His sister had not deserved this.

None of them had deserved it. It was the work of their leaders; their influence on the countries had led to strife and war. The man knew better than to believe the words of his leader and take it all for granted.

He held out a hand, and realized that she could not stand, let alone walk, properly. Lars picked her up gently, to the mild protest from Emma, and carried her back to his house.

The walk back was short and silent. He cut across some fields; they were stained brown and black from the ash and smoke. The land was dry and shriveled up. Gone were the tulips he grew and the flowers she planted. Instead, decayed trees lay on the ground; sharp, gnarled branches reached out as if to grab. He steered away from the path and headed over to a small cottage on the edge of the land.

Lars laid her down on the bed gently and walked out of the room to grab a cloth and some warm water.

When he returned, Emma had her eyes closed; her limbs were sprawled out at odd angles. He sat on the edge of the bed and dabbed at her forehead with the cloth. He took off her jacket and shirt to clean up her various stab wounds and bruises. Then he proceeded to clean up the dirt and bandaged her with some old cloth he had found at the back of her old cupboard. After that, he moved on to her lower body where the majority of the injuries were.

Some of the wounds were bigger than others. His face scrunched up in concentration as he tried to extract some bullets from her left leg. He hoped that he did not have to amputate her leg. Thankfully, as nations, they could survive through anything that counted as a physical injury. He rolled the cloth around her thigh to seal the wound. The only noise that came out her during the whole cleaning up process was a soft whimpering sound.

Once she was patched up, he gave her some clean pyjamas to wear and left her to get changed and settled in.

Lars crumpled the cigarette he had just smoked. There was nothing he could do but hope. The war had left them all scarred, if another country was going to fall casualty to the crimes done by another then they could not trust each other anymore. No one could trust each other. Their neutrality was not going to be a barrier any time soon; it would be broken and destroyed. Then they would fall into a state of panic. They could not define what was right or wrong.

And Emma was the first casualty.

The wounds; emotional and physical would not heal. An old friend that she had trusted had turned on her, warned her, and shot her. She may have known that the Germans were going to cross, but she did not want it; she did not want to deal with it. The end result was only pain. The Dutchman could only imagine what went on in the field.

Lars did not like this talk of war. It only left him feeling bitter and worried. If they could not

declare a state of neutrality safely, then everything would fall apart.

He turned around at the sound of the bedroom door opening, Emma limped out. Lars should have told her to stay and rest, she did not need to move. If she had wanted something, she could call. But instead, she limped out of the room in his direction. He mentally cursed himself for not doing anything.

He watched as his sister as she sat on the sofa; her leg was propped up on some cushions for balance. She flicked through some articles in the morning paper before setting down again. His worrying dissipated into anxiety and sorrow. They had all been injured at some point in their lives, but nothing was as bad as this.

Lars took a chair and sat beside her. He shuffled about awkwardly.

"You don't have to say anything, you know." She muttered softly.

Her voice was barely audible and raspy. He nodded at her words.

"I know you only want the best for me, but there's nothing we can do." Emma continued to wheeze out her words.

He could have told her that she did not need to say anything; he was only doing what he could. But, Lars was never a man of words; only gestures spoke of what he could not say. So, he took her hand into his and squeezed it gently while he stroked her hair.

She accepted the comforting gesture with a weak smile.

Lars continued to fan out her hair on the pillow. If she was human, she would have died. But he thanked the heavens that they were both immortal beings. He did not know what he would do if the one person who understood him ever died. They had spent years arguing and throwing insults at each other from the days Spain occupied both of them to the times he let her stay in his house. But, they had to forgive each other. There was no better time than now, where war brought people together or away from each other.

He watched Emma's sleeping figure, removed his hand from her blonde hair, and whispered a few words in her ear.

"Het spijt me..."

Maybe she would have heard them, or maybe not. Either way, he had to let her know his forgiveness. He loved his sister dearly, and he wanted to keep it that way.

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